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## BEAUTY.

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

At Beauty's feet with raptured gaze  
We love, with kindling souls, to kneel;  
Her smile the sunbeams of earth can raise,  
And make the br. axis of wants feel.

We love to hear her gentle tone,  
We love to see her moving near,  
We love to sit with her alone,  
And tell we love when none can hear.

And sorrow fades in Beauty's sight,  
And all our cares are swiftly fled;  
When happiness, in ro-eate light,  
From Beauty's eyes is softly shed.

There's one brief hour—oh, scorn it not—  
The rapture of the poet's song,  
And dreams of heaven bant the spot  
Where love and Beauty linger long.

In Beauty's sight we live again;  
For Beauty shoud we even die;  
Twould not be strange, the sons of men  
Have done it oft without a sigh.

## The Red Rajah:

THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.  
A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,  
(LAUNCE POYNTZ)  
AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT  
OF THE RUBIES," "THE GRIZZLY HUN-  
TERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD,"  
ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

The strife on the deck of the man-of-war, so suddenly boarded by the Red Rajah, was sanguinary and ferocious to the last degree. The Malays, wild with excitement, plunged into a hand-to-hand struggle with loud yells. The sailors of the man-of-war were armed with cutlasses and revolvers, and their fire was tremendous. But the red-clothed pirates, with their long krisse, stained with poison,\* were so closely jammed up with the others, that the cutlasses were almost useless, and many of the sailors were driven to their sheath-knives.

Still the incessant fire of the revolvers for the first few moments made such slaughter among the pirates, that they wavered in their assault.

The trumpet-like voice of the Red Rajah, shouting "Mari! Mari!" (come on! come on!) restored the combat to more of equality. His men appeared to be electrified at the sound, and pressed forward, following his tall figure.

A revolver in each hand, and his long kris between his teeth, the Red Rajah dashed into the press, shooting right and left. At every shot a man fell, and the rest bore back before the terror of his glance.

It was plain, from the presence of revolvers on board, that the corvette was no Dutchman. The fact was that the English squadron on the coast had determined to wipe out the famous pirate who had scourged the seas so long, and one of their vessels had disguised herself to follow him. Had the corvette kept them at long bows, she could have destroyed the war-boats with a few of her heavy broadsides. Fearing their escape by superior swiftness, the captain of the "Vengeance" had enticed them close in by his disguise.

With ordinary Malays the device would have been a sure success. They would have turned tail at the first sight of the sloop's battery. But the Red Rajah was made of sterner stuff. He knew his immense superiority in numbers, and determined to use it.

While his own crew was boarding the corvette on the starboard side, the second war-boat swept round on the other tack, and ran up alongside of the Englishman on the port side.

The third pirate luffed up on the corvette's quarter, just as the Rajah was boarding, and sent a whole volley of grape-shot into the cabin windows, and rattling over the decks. Then all three grappled the man-of-war together, and the wild devils of Malays climbed on board like a swarm of ants.

The Englishman lost his chance of victory in that rush. He had fancied that it was impossible for wild, undisciplined Malays, poorly provided with fire-arms, to stand up against hearty, beef-fed sailors, well armed.

Inside of five minutes, attacked in front and rear by merciless devils who gave no quarter, the bold Briton began to realize that in catching the Red Rajah he had caught a tartar. In ten minutes more, beaten down to the deck, and run through and through by the spear of a wild Dyak the imprudent captain breathed his last, and the Red Rajah had triumphed.

His victory had cost him dear. No quarter on either side was given or asked. The pistols of the corvette's crew had done terrible execution, and at least a hundred and fifty of the Malays were killed and wounded. But all of the Englishmen, without exception, were down, and the Rajah was alone in his glory.

He gave a few brief orders, and the merciless character of the man and his crew were fully exhibited in them.

All the killed and wounded, English and Malay, were coolly thrown overboard. The pirates could not be burdened with such trash, and so saved the expense of a surgeon. The Malay sea-rovers bear a strong resemblance, in their total disregard of human life, to the old Norse Berserkers and Vikings, who once tyrannized over all Northern Europe.

The Red Rajah himself was a typical sea-

\*The Malay pirates poison their krisse with pine-apple juice. The krisse is a long dagger with a wavy serpentine double edge, peculiar to the Malays.



Overcome with horror, Marguerite sunk on her knees, while the Rajah pointed to the disabled steamer.

king. His lofty stature, his wonderful prowess in the fight, his long, wavy hair and long mustache made him look like one.

His rich dress, glittering with jewels, was now all covered with blood from collar to hem. His feet waded in it ankle deep, and yet he was unwounded. The terrible piratical prince appeared to bear a charmed life.

While the obedient crew dragged the dead bodies to the open ports, to fling them overboard, the Rajah appeared to be considering something. He walked the quarter-deck of the sloop-of-war, casting an occasional glance up at her rigging. One of his own men was at the wheel, steering the collection of vessels, which were drifting seaward before the wind.

The chief of one of his war-boats came up to him, as he paced up and down.

"Great Rajah!" he said, hesitatingly, "far be it from me to disturb my lord; but the men report a steamer in sight, and after us."

As he spoke, the Rajah turned round and looked in the direction indicated by the other.

Not far from the coast of Papua, was a moving column of smoke, that indicated a steamer. She was coming toward them, most unmistakably.

The Rajah shook off his reverie. He turned, and addressed the captain:

"Tell the men to collect all the arms of the dead Englishmen. They must learn to use the weapons of the Christian dogs. Let all of my men go back to their prauis. We will carry away all the powder and shot under. What remained in the ship weighed several tons."

"If the Englishman doesn't sicken at that he'll be a stout fellow," said the Rajah, sardonically, as he surveyed the preparations.

By his orders all the sails of the corvette had been lowered to the deck, the slings of the yards being cut. The corvette lay with her naked mast pointing to the sky, drifting in the current setting seaward. The Red Rajah took a last look astern. The steamer was in full sight, coming on at full speed. From her appearance he conjectured her to be French, although she carried no flag as yet. She was not more than a mile off now.

"Time for work," muttered the pirate.

He picked up a musket, left leaning against the port, and examined it. A long, thin cord of Japanese silk twine was fastened to the trigger. The Rajah stepped to the side and waved his hand to the men in the war-boats. It could now be seen that two long cables were stretched, head and stern, from the corvette to two of the pirate craft. As he waved his hand, the men in the war-boats strained on the cables, so as to interpose the ship's hull between them and the coming steamer. The Rajah stayed

to the middle of the vessel, and pointed so as to direct their fire out of one broadside. Double charges, and three cannon balls apiece, were loaded into them, and the guns were primed.

Then the Rajah ordered all his men

aboard their vessels and remained alone in the corvette. The three war-boats cast off the ship, awaiting the coming of the Rajah.

The latter arranged a train of powder to communicate with all the guns in succession. Powder was plentiful. He scattered it thickly all over the deck among the guns; made little heaps of it on the cheeks of the carriages; and finally made a second train, leading down the open hatchway into the magazine below.

The pirates only took away the small arms, ammunition and a few casks of powder. What remained in the ship weighed several tons.

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CHAPTER V.  
THE WHALER.

The broad, beautiful sea was curled into glad ripples all over its dark surface, when a young man, in a small canoe, out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, suddenly uttered a glad cry, as he beheld a little white speck on the northern horizon.

The man was Claude Peyton, and he was all alone.

The little white speck, at first hardly visible on the blue line of the horizon, increased every moment in size, as the canoe sped blithely to meet it. At last it resolved itself into a square-rigged vessel—a small brig, close-hauled, standing west.

The canoe, going free, rapidly approached the other. First, the stranger's royal appeared above the sea. Then, bit by bit, top-gallants and topsails became visible. At last, Peyton could see the fore-course slowly lifting, and it was soon followed by the checkered black and white hull of a regular old-fashioned brig.

The canoe was going like a race-horse, and rapidly closed in toward the brig. Within a quarter of a mile of her at last, the young adventurer was cheered by the knowledge that he was noticed. The brig backed her main-topsail, and lay to, waiting for him, while Peyton ran down on her quarter, and brought up alongside.

A round, red face, fringed with black whiskers, looked over the brig's quarter, and a rough voice hailed him.

"Boat ahoy! Who the Old Harry are you?"

Claude Peyton laughed aloud. He did not wonder at the question. His appearance was certainly quite peculiar. He had no clothes save a small kit of Papuan manufacture. The savages had loaded him with bracelets and necklaces of shells, which he had neglected to take off, and his hair was frizzed out in regular Papuan style. In every thing but color, he might have been a perfect Fejee or Papuan.

The honest captain evidently took him for one at first. But his white skin, (now pretty well tanned), and the big brown beard he wore, more particularly puzzled the mariner.

Claude laughed aloud at the brusque question, but answered, plain enough, in English:

"I'm a white man, who has just escaped from the savages of New Guinea, by running off and stealing a canoe. Can I come aboard or not?"

"A white man! God bless me!" exclaimed the kind-hearted sailor. "Come aboard! Yes; certainly, by all means. Here, catch this rope. Eh! Mr. Jones! Mr. Edwards! Here's a white man, come all the way from New Guinea, in a savage canoe. Come on board, sir; come on board. Never heard of such a thing in my life. Why, you must have come over twelve hundred miles in that little cockleshell!"

Bustling about, and talking alternately to the young stranger and his mates, the captain used his best endeavors to help Peyton aboard.

His reception, as soon as they found what he was, was cordial beyond measure. Inside of half an hour, he was seated at dinner with Captain Briggs, of the good brig *Lively Sally*, from London, on a whaling voyage.

The captain supplied him with the suit of his own clothes, and the hands of the steward, who had formerly been a barber, it appeared, were busy with the scissors, clipping the luxuriant growth of frizzed hair from his head. "No one would have recognized him, in the bronzed but gentlemanly-looking young sailor, with close-cut hair and well-trimmed beard, the wild-looking savage who had come alongside in the morning.

"And now, my dear sir," said the polite captain, a fine specimen of the honest sailor; "I'm sorry, but, I'm afraid you'll have to cruise about with me after whales a bit, before you can get aboard a ship bound your way. You say you're fond of adventure; so I suppose you'll not object to whaling a bit."

"Not in the slightest," returned Claude; "I've always had a great desire to see a whale caught."

"Which you shall very soon, sir," said the captain. "But, tell me how you got into this part of the world, if not too bold."

I started from America in my own yacht two years ago," replied Peyton. "We cruised all over the Pacific and Malaya, but the yacht got strained a bit, in a typhoon, and I had to sell her at Sydney. A rich young fool, fresh from the mines, bought her for a big price, and I was left all alone in Sydney. I saw a French vessel in the harbor, which was going back to the Marquesas Islands, with stores for the French Governor there; and I took a fancy that I'd like to see those islands. They took me there, and I was bored to death. However, I didn't have long to stay there. A French island, called the *Philippines*, arrived at the islands, bearing orders to supersede the old Governor, and send him to Pondicherry. I was permitted to take passage with them, to which I owe the wreck of the Papuan coast, and my twelve months' captivity."

"Wonderful, upon my soul," remarked the captain; "but tell me—was any one taken prisoner with you?"

"Five of us escaped from the wreck," returned Peyton. "The captain and marquis I saw eaten with my own eyes. I was saved by the accident of having a sacred tattoo-mark on my breast. But there is a mystery about the other two. They had got all ready to kill them, a sweet little girl, the Governor's daughter, and her old nurse. I tried to save the child, but they tore me away, when a lot of fellows in red, with guns, came up and began firing into the savages, and drove them away. The savages carried me off so quick that I could not tell if the child was killed or not. But if such a thing is possible, if the poor child is alive anywhere, I will hunt her out, if I have to cruise all over the Malaya archipelago after the cursed pirates."

"Very good, indeed, sir," said Captain Briggs, absently.

Peyton saw that his thoughts were not by any means on the fate of pretty little Marguerite.

A hoarse shout from the mast-head, coming down the companionway, at this moment startled the captain with sudden excitement. He leaped to his feet, clapped his old-skin hat on his head in an instant, and echoed the cry with his jolly old voice.

"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

It was the well-known signal of a school of whales in sight. Captain Briggs forgot politeness and every thing else in his eagerness, as he rushed up the stairs in a tremendous hurry.

"WHERE AWAY?" he yelled, as soon as his mouth cleared the companionway.

"Port bow, sir," replied the man at the mast-head.

Claude Peyton was already on deck behind the captain. His heart leaped with excitement as he looked to the windward, and beheld the whole sea alive with little white spouts, and with huge whales leaping out of the water in unwieldy gambols, the spray glittering in the declining sun.

It was a large-sized school of whales, and the *Lively Sally* was within a quarter of a mile of them.

## CHAPTER VI.

LEVIATHAN.

The expanse of ocean covered with spouting whales, the enormous size of the creatures themselves, seemed to Claude Peyton, when he came on deck, to preclude the possibility of successful attack by such puny creatures as man. Every now and then one of the monsters would leap right out of the water in play, showing a carcass that looked as large as the brig herself.

But the men were all merrily at work, laughing and joking, as they made their preparations to pursue their gigantic prey.

"Now, Mr. Peyton," cried jolly Captain Briggs, as the young man stood by the binacle, watching the busy scene. "You said you'd like to see a sperm whale killed, and here's a big school of them right alee. D'y'e want to come in my boat?"

"Thanks, captain," said Claude. "The very thing I would have asked, but feared to be in the way."

"No fear," said the captain, heartily. "You shall come. All you have to do is to sit still."

Five minutes afterward the order was given to "lower away," and four whale-boats dropped simultaneously from the side of the *Lively Sally*, and pulled away at racing speed for the school, right toward the setting sun.

Claude sat in the stern of the captain's boat, and, being quite unemployed, was able to watch the whole chase, which he did with a keen pleasure amounting to intoxication.

Nearer and nearer comes the school of whales. Absorbed in their gambols with each other, they have not noticed the white whale-boats, almost invisible in the curling foam of the waves. The chief mate's boat has drawn ahead of the rest, and shoots on almost into the midst of the whales.

The boat shoots through the white foam alongside of the great black body, closer, closer, and still closer. Peyton strains at his oar, wild with excitement. The end of their dangerous chase is coming at last.

Human skill and courage are about to vanquish brute force. Now the boat's nose touches the whale. The keen lance-blade gleams in the moonlight for an instant.

Then the powerful arm of the sailor drives it deep into the black side of the whale, and a great rush of red blood spouts forth.

"Starn all!" yells Coffin, and the oars flash in the water as the boat tries to escape from the rage of the monster. In vain. Stung by the wound, and wild for revenge, the mountain of flesh lashes around in all directions. The mighty mass of the forked flukes waves over the doomed boat for an instant. The next, it descends with all the force of a cannon-shot, and crushes boat and crew alike into a shapeless mass, buried in the water.

All but one. Peyton's life was saved as by a miracle. Involuntarily he leaped from the boat, just before the terrible black flukes descended. Striking the water head foremost, he went down into the depths ahead of the boat. The blow of the catcher's tail crushed boat and crew to atoms. Peyton felt the shock of the blow transmitted to him under the surface and was almost stunned. Looking up through the dark waters, he saw the immense body of the whale moving off from the scene with great rapidity, between him and the pale moonlight. The next minute he rose to the surface, panting for breath, and found himself all alone in the midst of the boundless Pacific.

Not a single soul of the boat's crew was to be seen. Entangled in the coils of the whale-line, and the wreck of the whale-boat, smashed out of all semblance of humanity, they were dragged along, senseless corpses, in the wake of the mighty bullwhal.

And Claude Peyton was left all alone, swimming for his life in the midst of the fathomless ocean.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 92.)

the mate. "Here, you extra fellers, get into cap's boat. Don't want no loafers here."

"Let me pull an oar!" suddenly cried Peyton; why he could not tell; "I've done nothing all day."

"Hurry up yer cakes, then," was the hasty reply, as the rescued seamen rapidly crowded into the captain's boat. A moment later, Peyton found himself at the stroke-oar of the mate's boat.

He had hardly taken his seat when the boat was pulled bows under by the whale, and dashed off into the twilight, at the rate of ten miles an hour. Peyton caught a hasty glimpse of the brig, about a quarter of a mile to leeward, and astern, beating up to rescue the overladen boat. Then he had to give his attention to bailing out the water that came curling in over the gunwale.

Mr. Coffin was a thoroughbred Nantucket whaler. No man of any other nationality would have dared to hold on to such an ugly customer as this whale had proved to be, with a dark night coming on.

Ezekiel Coffin couldn't see the point of losing an eight-thousand-dollar whale, for the sake of any danger, however appalling. And the natural love of soul-stirring excitement peculiar to the American temperament made Claude Peyton a volunteer in the hazardousfeat they were about to attempt.

The boat dashed off into the fast-gathering darkness, drawn at the end of a whale-line by the most powerful animal in existence.

Within an hour after dark they had pulled up, hand-over-hand, by means of the whale-line close to the monster, which they could see plainly in the bright moonlight.

It was all alone now. The drag on its powers, produced by towing the boat so many miles, had enabled its companions to leave it far behind, and the daring Coffin at once seized his lance, to strike the fatal blow.

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## The Mustangers:

A TALE OF THE CROSS TIMBERS.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE HORSE-TAMERS.

The sun leaped up with a bound, as it seemed, from the prairie to the east of the Cross Timbers, as Thorlney and Wash Carroll woke up. Lebar was still sleeping, as the old hunter sat up and threw off his blanket with a loud yawn. The sound wakened the Creole, who started up on his elbow, with a wild, suspicious glance around, as if he was in fear of some one. Wash Carroll remarked it, and bluntly observed:

"What in thunder ales, Lebar! Ye look as skeeter as ef ye'd seen a spook."

The Creole's glance fell beneath the hunter's eye, and he answered, with some confusion:

"Oh! nothing, nothing. Had a bad dream and your noise startled me; that's all."

He rose from the ground as he spoke, and shook himself. Thorlney was already up, and looking over the bars of the corral toward the captured mustangs, which had been feeding about in the corral, every now and then smelling inquisitively at the fence, now, seeing the hunters approach, galloped off to the other side in great consternation. When they could get no further, they crowded up into a corner, backing up against the fence in deadly terror. Only the strength of the angles, reinforced as they were by strong posts, driven deep into the earth, enabled the barrier to withstand the pressure.

Wash Carroll walked leisurely toward the horses, parting the coils of the lariat in his hands. The noose, about six feet in diameter, trailed on the ground from his right hand, which held about half of the coiled rope.

The rest was in his left hand, the end being fastened to his waist.

"Now then, Ed," he said, his eye roving keenly over the various-colored herd; "you kin take spotty, of you like. That ar buckskin's the hoss for my money."

They were within twenty feet of the crowded herd as he spoke; and, at the same instant, he threw back his right shoulder and then gave a forward swing of his whole body. The noose of the lariat flew through the air as it left his hand, the coils waving snake-like over the frightened, plunging mustangs. The next moment the circle of rawhide reached its destination, hovered a moment, and then descended with unerring aim over the neck of a beautiful cream-colored mare, with black mane and muzzle, known in Texas as a "buckskin."

Almost simultaneously, Thorlney cast his own lasso with equal success, inclosing in its noose the white mare covered with black spots that had excited his admiration in the first instance.

Then commenced the task of bringing out the captives, at first sight apparently an impossibility, so closely were they wedged in with the rest. But the skill of the mustangers soon effected this. Their prizes, feeling the lasso and wild with terror, plunged desperately away to escape. Hardly exerting any strength the mustangers hung back on the lassos, thus converting the flight of the mares into a circular motion. They wanted them to go to the gate, and they exerted what strain they did in an exactly opposite direction. Thus, thinking they were escaping, both mares plunged out of the crowd, galloping round in wide circles, and growing weaker and weaker under the strangling noose.

One clear of the herd, by the same skillful management, they were got through the gate, outside the bars, their captors hanging back at a great angle and allowing themselves to be slowly dragged on by the choking steeds.

Once outside, they brought them to a halt, almost suffocated, and slowly began to pull up to them, hand over hand, through the now opened gate. As they passed through, the spotted mare trembled violently, and fell to the earth completely exhausted.

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## CHAPTER X.

TIGER TAIL'S WOOGIE.

The sound of axes, quickly piled, waked the echoes by the banks of the stream that ran by the Cross Timbers, as Colonel Maffin and his little party went sturdy to work, to fell timber for their block-house. All the men of the party were fully employed, except Eugene Dupre, and even he, although not hard at work by any means, was pleasantly occupied, as he thought, in cleaning his double-barreled shot-gun, and talking nonsense to his fat cousin, Tennessee.

"Wal, yes," returned Carroll, indifferently;

"but then, ye see, out in Tennessee,"

"Let me foiler him alone, cap," cried the undaunted Coffin. "He's fast to my boat. Don't let me lose him. I kinda

"As you will," answered Briggs. "But I'm afraid to let you go."

"Lord love you, cap, I'll fix him!" cried

While the old hunter was talking, he was

also eating a huge "hunk" of corn-bread and cold turkey. Ed Thorlney had followed his example without any talking.

The young man was too much occupied in thinking. The sweet face of Louisiana Dupre had been floating before his eyes all the night long in dreams and it was the first thing in his thoughts that morning. So the breakfast proceeded in silence for Lebar looked sulky, as usual, and Wash kept a keen eye on his face from some ill-defined suspicion that all was not right in that quarter.

"I say, Wash," said Thorlney, sometimes after a hesitating, nervous kind of manner, unusual with him; "don't you think that spotted mare would make a pretty lady's horse?"

They were standing by the rails of the corral as he spoke, Wash slowly gathering up the coils of a long rawhide rope in his hand, while he puffed at a short pipe. Lebar was some distance off, gathering together his implements of all kinds.

only containing a small pouch of tobacco, ornamented with beads.

"Tiger Tail great chief," he pursued, proudly. "Come see white chief, say wel come."

"I'm sure we're very much obliged to you, Mr. Tiger Tail," said Tennie Magoffin, speaking for the first time, and trying in vain to hide the tremor of her voice. "Won't you go down to the river, and see my father? He knows how to talk to gentlemen of your kind better than we do."

Tiger Tail gave another interesting leer at Tennie, and made a step nearer, immensely flattered at her evident terror.

"Tiger Tail love talk pretty white squaw," he said. "Hab many squaw home, None like white squaw."

Tennie trembled and faltered again. She longed, ineffectually for some one to come near her, but the men on the river-bank were too busy to notice any thing, and she felt sick with fear under the Indian's evil glance.

Louie answered for her this time.

"Among our people," she said, bravely, "girls do not talk to strangers. If you want any thing to eat, we will give it to you. If not, go down to the river-bank. The colonel will talk to you there."

"No want not'ing to eat," said Tiger Tail, scornfully. "Got more than want to eat. Want gun, want powder, want blanket."

"Oht Mr. Tiger Tail," said Tennessee, desperately; "they have ever so many guns down at the river-bank there. Go down and ask them, please. We haven't a single gun here. Indeed we haven't! Please, like a dear good Mr. Tiger Tail, do go down there. It's ever so much nicer than here."

Tiger Tail drew himself up with pride. "Me go when me choose," he said. "Me want whisky."

And he stalked past them into the camp, where the negro women and children scattered before him, and stood looking on in panic and silence.

"Oh, Louie, what shall we do?" said Tennie, wringing her hands. "I daren't go, for fear he steals something; and he may have a number of his comrades hidden in the wood."

Louie, whose presence of mind never forsook her, called to a small negro boy who was standing near, and told him to run down to the river bank and tell the colonel that an Indian was in the camp.

Tiger Tail saw all, with his keen, roving eye, and the boy had not gone ten paces when the chief arose. He suddenly pulled from under his cloak a long lasso, which, as quick as a flash, he cast after the boy, the noose jerking him over on his back in a twinkling.

Then the chief shook his finger at the girl in a manner full of menace.

"No try dat again," said Tiger Tail. "Me know when me want to see white chief."

Tennessee turned paler than ever, and looked ready to faint.

Louie, also, for the first time, began to be seriously alarmed.

The chief's action looked as if he meant mischief, and what might have happened is uncertain, when the quick gallop of horses round the edge of the motte announced that strangers were approaching.

Tiger Tail's demeanor altered in a moment. He jerked the frightened boy to his feet, and loosened the lasso with a laugh, saying:

"Ho! ho! frighten pickaniny! No mean harm."

The next moment Wash Carroll and Thornley, each mounted on a handsome mustang, and leading another, came galloping up to the spot, full speed.

"I think so," ejaculated the hunter, looking at the Indian, with no favorable glance. "I think as how I know that bess o' yourn, that you left standin' by the other side this hyar motte. What d'yer want hyar, say?"

Tiger Tail had assumed an expression of angelic innocence. He exhibited his pipe, "Come smoke peace with white chief," he said, gravely.

"Then why don't yer git down' thar?" asked Wash. "The kurnel sin't hyar—he's thar. You hain't no call to stick your ugly mug in hyar, talkin' to young ladies—you hain't! You git! That's what you do."

Tennie, frightened to death as she had been, was still constrained to smile, as she viewed the change in Tiger Tail's demeanor. The lately insolent look was gone, and the chief moved off toward the river in a manner that strangely suggested slinking, holding his pipe before him, as a badge, to show his peaceful intent.

As soon as he was gone, Tennie Magoffin burst out into a profusion of thanks to the old hunter, and the two mustangers dismounted from their beasts.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE TWO COUSINS.

"Our Mr. Carroll," said impulsive Tennie; "how thankful I am that you came in time. Who knows what that wreath might have done before father could have got down to help us? Do you think he'll come again? His looks froze my very blood."

"Oh, no," said Wash, stoutly. "We'll take car' o' him now. Them Injuns is always durned brave when there's nout but them. Yer seen how he wailed when we cum up. 'Tarn'curous to me why his band ain't round hyar. Ef they had 'a' be'n, y'e mount 'a' had a wusser skeer. That goes the varmint now, a-talkin' to the kurnel. Wagh! how I do despise his hittu' tribe!"

"Hadn't one of us better ride down there and warn the colonel how to treat him?" asked Ed Thornley, at this moment.

"Yer right, Ed. I'll go. Take keer o' the young ladies while I'm gone," said Wash, hurriedly. "Won't do to ride him too much."

And he threw the lariat of the beautiful "buckskin" mare to Thornley, and galloped off down toward the river side, where Tiger Tail was calmly awaiting the colonel's party, all of whom had stopped work, and were eying the Indian with considerable distrust.

"Do you think there's any danger, sir?" inquired Tennie of Thornley, as soon as Wash had gone.

"Not at present, Miss Magoffin," he answered, only too glad of the opportunity to talk to these charming girls, but wishing it had been the dark one who had spoken.

"While the chief saw only two ladies, whom he did not fear, I make no doubt he was 'insolent'; but an Indian respects strength, and he would not dare to attack you openly, in broad daylight, while all your men are well armed."

Tennie heaved a sigh of relief. Thornley

did not tell her what he apprehended—that Tiger Tail might return by night, and try to obtain that by surprise which he might fall in by force. He turned the conversation by asking:

"And how do you like Texas, Miss Magoffin?"

"If you had asked me an hour ago, I should have said splendid, sir; but since that horrid Indian came, the charm seems to have departed. How shall we ever be safe from him, Mr. —?"

"Thornley," said our hero, bowing, "Edward Thornley. Oh, well, your father is now building a block-house, and when that is finished, and provided with a good stockade, you need not fear all the Indians on the plains."

"But how long will it be before that?" asked Miss Dupre, speaking for the first time.

"The block-house ought to be defensible in two days," said Thornley, glad to address the object of his wishes. "Your father will probably move camp there tonight. This is no place for one. There is too much cover all round to conceal an enemy. Out yonder no one can get near without being seen. Still, I anticipate no danger, for you seem to be strong-handed."

Tennie Magoffin's cheerful disposition made this sober conversation irksome to her. She changed it by remarking:

"Mr. Thornley, what lovely horses you have there. So much prettier than those ugly mules you had yesterday. That cream-colored mare is a perfect beauty. I wonder if she would let me pat her?"

"Well, Strother!" said the colonel, good-humoredly. "I guess we can spare you for a few hours. Don't go far, though."

"All right, colonel," said the overseer, eagerly; "I'll show Mr. Eugene how to do it, and we'll be safer together, in case any o' them pesky Injuns comes loafin' 'round."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to get a turkey," said his uncle, smiling; "Strother tells me they're very round here."

"Indeed they are," said the overseer, earnestly. "Tain't every feller as can pick up a turkey round here, colonel. I'd better go with Mr. Eugene or ye won't have much for dinner, I reckon."

"Not quite yet, Miss Magoffin," said the mustanger, with a smile. "She was only tampered this morning and needs a little more discipline yet. But I am glad you like her for I believe my comrade intends her for you. The other is intended as a present for your cousin."

"From whom, pray, Mr. Thornley?" demanded the girl, with a saucy twinkle of her blue eyes, which were quite sharp enough to see the state of the case.

Thornley colored deeply.

"From myself, if the young lady will accept it," he muttered, a strange bashfulness oppressing his usually open face. "We noticed that you had no horses, and Wash and I thought that possibly you would not think it liberty—to offer you—won't you take them?"

Tennie's eyes sparkled with fun. A merry girl always enjoys the distress of a modest lover, especially if he is some other girl's lover. Louie Dupre raised her dark eyes to Thornley's simply and gravely.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Thornley," she said, quietly. "It was very kind of you to think of us. But I fear we shall be robbing you, to take such beautiful horses. They must have cost considerable money, which you can not afford."

"No, I assure you," said Thornley, eagerly; "mustangs only fetch low prices now. Don't let that deter you. But they make beautiful ladies' horses. The spotted will carry you like a bird. I'll give her one more lesson, and she will be ready for you to mount."

"Now, Mr. Eugene," said the Tennessee, saucily, "we'd better go through this hyar motte afoot, and keep still. That's turkeys about and not so far off neither, but of them so much as the end of a hair, we mout as well go hum, fur we won't see a feather o' them."

He carefully looked to the cap of his long squirrel-rifle, and started off through the motte, bent nearly double, and stepping with extreme caution. Eugene drew in with equal silence, and the two stole through the thick wood, parting the underbrush with their hands to avoid rustle. The wind was in their faces. Strother would never have crossed the river where he did, had it not been for that circumstance. He would have made a circuit of several miles first.

At last they arrived so close to the other side that they could see an open stretch of prairie extending for over a mile before another motte was encountered.

"Miss Tennie," said the old hunter, "me and my kumrad, we kinder think as how you and y'e cousin hyar would like a kipple o' critters to ride. So we jest larryeted them o' mustangs for yer, an' giv' em a breakin', so's y'e mount 'em ef yer want ed. That ar buckskin's yours, an' Spotty B'longs to Miss—Miss—y'e cousin, that."

"My name is Louisiana Dupre," said the young Creole, in her soft, somewhat melancoly voice; "and I thank you very much, Mr. Carroll."

"Oh! that ain't nothin'!" said Wash, differently; "we'll hev to give the critters another tam'lin' afore thar fit fur a lady to ride."

Here Colonel Magoffin came up with Tiger Tail, and passed them on his way to the camp. The Indian looked hopeful and expectant of something, with an expression of mild virtue on his face that would not have misbecome a hermit. Wash winked his eye comically, and put his tongue in his cheek, perfectly regardless of manners, as the chief passed. Tennie Magoffin smothered a laugh at the queer expression of his face, seemed as it was with the hideous scar. Tiger Tail heard the suppressed giggle, and then but a single glance on Tennie. It was swift and instantly withdrawn, but the girl's face turned white at the malevolent of the look.

Wash waited till he had gone on, when he observed:

"Sneakin' cuss wanted whisky and powder. Curnel told him he wanted all his powder fur bad Injuns, and never drank whisky. Goin' ter give him a plug of baccer and a red blanket."

"But won't he want more?" suggested Thornley. "This camp's in a bad place, if he comes round at night, trying to steal."

"Goin' ter move arter dinner," said Wash, a little gruffly. "Dyer think I don't know nothin', Ed Thornley? Me and the curnel moves this afternoon, while you breaks the young ladies' hoses. Hyar comes Tiger Tail."

As he spoke, the chief reappeared from the side of the colonel's wagon, his face wreathed in smiles, carrying a bright scarlet blanket over his left arm, and holding in his right a huge black plug of navy tobacco. He passed by them, still smiling, and disappeared in the motte on the way to his horse. The colonel soon after came up and addressed Wash.

"I don't think that Indian is half as bad as he is painted. Wash. He seems to me to be a simple, good-natured soul. He looked tickled to death with his red blanket and his plug of tobacco."

"But, if you don't answer any more, won't they think the hen-turkey's dead?" asked Eugene, who was growing interested.

"Wait till they're gittin' tired o' gobblin'," said the overseer; "then we'll liven 'em up a bit. You jest listen."

They sat silently there for at least ten minutes more. Every now and then one of the old turkey-cocks would gobble, and the challenge would be answered by his companions or rivals, but the sound only approached.

"And that's what's the matter," quoth Wash, dryly.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A TURKEY-HUNTER.

When Eugene Dupre left the fire with his gun, he had made up his mind to bring

home a couple of turkeys or a deer at the very least. The young man was an excellent shot, and had acquired some reputation among the bayous of his native State as a successful hunter. But he had never yet encountered a wild turkey in Texas, and was not aware of the extraordinary shyness of the bird. In Louisiana, when turkeys are met with, it is generally by surprise at short range. In Texas it is necessary to decoy the old gobblers within gunshot by imitating the call of the female. Eugene had practiced this assiduously with the wing-bone of a turkey ingeniously manufactured for him by Mr. Strother, the overseer, who had been a mighty hunter in Tennessee, and whose second trip to Texas was this.

"Now thur a-leggin' it," said Strother, in a low tone, with a grim smile. "Shouldn't wonder ef ye see one soon. Git yer shootin'-iron ready, with heavy shot."

And he laid his own long rifle over his knees, ready for an emergency. Eugene looked out eagerly over the prairie, his gun ready cocked, expecting every moment to see the turkeys coming. The gobbles sounded from three different mottes to the right and left, and after an interval of full five minutes, a second cluck arose much nearer.

"Answer them, Strother! answer them!" whispered Eugene, excitedly.

"Not by a doggoned sight," said the overseer, philosophically. "Twould spoil all now. You keep still. Hi! There he are!"

As he spoke the figure of a majestic-looking wild turkey, standing quite four feet high, as he stood erect, came proudly strutting forth from the motto on the right, about a quarter of a mile off, running, with his wings extended, out into the open prairie. Here he halted abruptly, and craned his neck on high, looking all round him, as if intensely suspicious. Presently he uttered a loud and sonorous "Gobble-gobble-gobble-gobble!"

It was instantly answered from the opposite motto, and forth came running two more turkeys, as different in vigor and grace from the tame turkey as can well be imagined. They moved proudly forward, and each stopped within a few yards of each other, but just out of gunshot from the concealed hunters.

In their anger with each other, they had almost forgotten the cause of their hurry; and they strutted toward the center of the open space, evidently bent on a fight. Strother waited for at least ten minutes more, during which the strutting and fuming gallants had approached so near within a few yards of each other, but just out of gunshot from the concealed hunters.

"You fire arter me," he whispered to Eugene. "We'll bag the hull caboodle then."

He raised the call to his lips, and gave forth the very faintest "cluck" imaginable.

But it was all-sufficient.

Down went every head, and with extended wings, the three gobblers came tearing down full speed, racing to see who should be first to court the good graces of the concealed hunters.

Strother lifted his rifle slowly.

Down came the turkeys within thirty paces, when they all halted.

Each inflated the scarlet wattle on throat and breast, and trailed his wings on the ground, while he spread his tail fan-like, and strutted round and round, gobbling loudly.

It was instantly answered from the opposite motto, and forth came running two more turkeys, as different in vigor and grace from the tame turkey as can well be imagined. They moved proudly forward, and each stopped within a few yards of each other, but just out of gunshot from the concealed hunters.

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## Our Arm-Chair.

Novel Reading.—That all people do not approve of the reading of fiction we are well aware; but, upon a careful canvass of their objections, we never yet have heard of what to us was a just excuse for their rejection of this class of mental food, for such it is—food of the most ethereal and delectable character, if the novel be good and pure. For, as President Foster, of Yale College, in his admirable treatise on "Books and Reading," says:

"A class of writers exercises so complete control over their readers as novelists do. This can only reach to their opinions and prejudices, if it does not insensibly control and reshape their entire philosophy of duty and of life. The fascination which they exercise becomes of itself a spell. No enchantment is so entire and delightful as that with which they invest the story which they relate. It is a very glamour which they pour not only over the scenes which they depict, but over the senses of the beholder. With this enchantment and fascination come the ready and even the forward acceptance of their practical philosophy, and even of their aesthetic prejudices. A favorite novelist becomes, for the time being, often more to his charmed and enchanted reader than preacher, teacher or friend, and indeed that the whole world besides, casting a spell over his judgments, molding his principles, forming his associations, and recasting his prejudices. The entranced and admiring reader runs to his favorite when he can snatch an hour from labor, society or sleep."

The President, being an educator in the broadest sense, sees in the novel a power, and he regards novel reading as not only brightening mental activity, but as very healthful and beneficial in its results, where the taste is schooled into correct channels.

"Bravery Is the Soul," etc.—While many authors doubtless frown at us for the excisions we practice in their manuscripts, we feel sure their readers would say "thank you" could they see and read the purely extraneous or immaterial matter which we had thrown out, or canceled. Young authors especially are prolix. They talk too much. The best story-tellers are those who are exceedingly cautious about never tasking the patience of a hearer, so the best of writers are careful not to tax their narrative. The advice given in the home verse:

"When writing an article for the press,  
Whether prose or verse, just try  
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,  
And let them be crisp and dry;  
And when it is finished, and you suppose  
It is done exactly brown,  
Boil it down."

is worth a great deal if authors only knew it. Therefore, let some writers who possibly may have felt aggrieved at our "liberties" with their manuscripts, just recall the absolute necessity of every thing in our columns being in its best shape and they will spare their regrets.

"Touring for Ideas."—We hear of our contributor, Mr. A. P. Morris, Jr., through the columns of the Washington City *Sunday Gazette*, which thus announces his presence at the Capital:"A. P. MORRIS, JR.—Among the youngest of our acknowledged serial writers, and who, as an author, is well known in this and other communities, Mr. A. P. Morris, Jr., is touring in search of food for another of his great local stories. Those who have read his "Black Croissant," "Hoodwinked," "Warning Arrow," etc., may anticipate a rare treat in a new romance from his pen, about to commence in the New York *Star Journal*."

We have one standing rule for procedure on the part of our authors, viz.:—to be perfectly familiar with their subject, true to character, and correct as to place. If Mr. Morris has made a study of Washington, he evidently means something.

## WOMAN.

It has been said that the highest study of man is man, from which we would respectfully demur, substituting woman as a more elevated and complicated structure for our scrutiny. We know that man (even from other than musical standpoint) is even more highly *base*; whereas, woman is not; *ergo* she is higher; therefore, we will ignore the base man and consider the elevated woman. It is not without considerable difficulty that we consent to handle so delicate a subject as woman, but with an assumed and totally abnormal gentleness, plus kid gloves, we may be enabled rightly to deal with it. Father Adam was the first man compelled to deal with woman, and as illustrative of the impotency of inexperience, we behold him taking at very short notice a "bee-line" for the exterior of Paradise, and all mankind have to this day been perspiring in consequence of his exit.

Earning one's bread by the sweat of the brow may be a very good thing in theory, but it tells fearfully on pocket handkerchiefs. And, now that we have introduced the old gentleman, Adam, perhaps it would not be inappropriate to call attention to the fact that there were certain blessings attendant upon his estate and relationship with woman, that we have not possessed. For instance: Adam was never crossed in love—had no stern parents to conciliate, and no rivals occasioned him sleepless nights, with visions of coffee and pistols for two, at 5 A. M. (How such early rising would have annoyed him!) Courtship, with all its incidental trials and perplexities, must have constituted a part in the great curse—since Adam had none of them.

He awoke all those annoyances which school-boys have to endure. Adam never had the oil of birch externally applied, and if he was schooled at all, always stood at the head of his class, and took the highest prizes. We who have gone to school without knowing our lessons—we who have been riddled by the sharp condemnatory glances of the schoolmaster, and have felt the application of birch—we who have been unmercifully pummeled by some bigger boy, or snowballed into a jelly by antagonistic schoolmates—we, alone, are fully prepared to appreciate Adam's escape from those annoyances of youth, and to wish that we, too, might have passed over all this experience, and have been married as he was, without regard to choice, to the handsomest, best and most angelic woman living, (with a little too fond of fruit.)

We started with woman, as our subject, and have been discussing Adam. Excuse us, as we accidentally mistook him for an old woman.

As we take a retrospect of the past, we see the woman taking, in the main, a subordinate position, as second violinist in the family party, but, to-day, there is a "new departure"—she seeming to start off on a tangent from her accustomed orbit. No longer content to be a satelite, she aspires to be principal; while man, deprived of her accustomed light, feels more keenly each succeeding night of darkness.

QUERY: If, in the divine constitution of things, the moon was made to revolve around and give light to the earth, is it not, in its sphere, as exalted, as important, as worthy as the earth itself? And should it resolve to quit its known field of duty, its legitimate province, because its functions differ from those of the planet Earth?

A cobbler who does well his duty, is as worthy as the ablest statesman who does the same; but, lest this might convey the idea that we regard woman's position as essentially subordinate, we would assert that they are, in fact, fully the peers of men, simply differing from them in the character of natural functions, (as a poet from a historian, neither to be judged by the exact standard of the other.) In fact, if there is a distinction in intrinsic importance, let us yield the palm to woman, since the creature must be inferior to the creator, and most of men's minds have, in their plastic condition, received the impress of woman's hand, being largely molded into their after-existing shape by woman's influence, so that to her bias of them may be largely ascribed their after-greatness or weakness—in either case proving her superiority as molder of their characters and director of their destinies.

But, there are certain so-called "strong-minded women" (the strength of whose minds is weakness), who, styling themselves reformers, both with their dogmas our legislators at Washington, and travel throughout the country proclaiming that man is a tyrant, and that from him must be wrested what they are pleased to denominate "woman's rights." Not only would these misrepresentatives of woman claim the elective franchise and attendant rights of office-holding, but, also, by insinuating themselves into and monopoly of the different avocations by which men obtain a living for themselves and families, would seek to dispose of him *in toto*, as a useless incubus.

We do not object to woman's entry into any respectable business, when it shall be necessary, and she can do so, but we do humbly believe that all men are not brutes, and that they still have a right to exist, "strong-minded women" to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact, we believe that men have, even now, some rights which women are in duty bound to respect; but, as the mighty do rule in this earth, and the weak are compelled, cheerfully, to submit to the crushing process of superior strength, so men begin to give way before the prowess of women, who, to-day, outnumber us, and who, being vastly our superiors mentally, are now attempting, and must soon succeed, in the usurpation of men's hitherto unquestioned right to govern.

As we with vision clarified by knowledge of the recent past, look forward into the dim future, to predetermine the solution to the great problem of the age relative to the future of man, it is with heartfelt sorrow that we behold him, his mission accomplished, his destiny fulfilled, like the lone Indian, fast leaving the busy shores of time to become but as a creature of the past; for woman, in her soon-to-be twofold character, will, in obedience to the soon-to-be prevalent principle of social economy, have assumed the duties and functions of both sexes, leaving man, his occupation gone, but to leave this sphere of action in departure for his rest, before the advance of a superior civilization, accompanied by a superior race of beings, known as masculine women.

Such being the flat of destiny, we trust most gracefully to submit, and shall at once humbly make our exit from the back door of human existence, that our triumphant weaker sex may find no obstacle to the possession of the domain from which we

shrink away into oblivion as from the fenced exclusiveness of the boundaries of a new civilization.

It is useless for us to suggest that Adam was created *before* Eve—that his creation was characterized as the "crowning work" of all—that Eve was declared to be a "helpmeet" for him, and that the word help indicates subordination; for our champions of the "woman's rights" school would denounce such introduction of fact as old-fogyism, and answer it by a new cry for youthful ideas and our annihilation.

We too, then, if we would move in the popular current, must totally abnegate self, and, tossing high our esp in air, follow on the wake of the ancient girl of the period, for it were better to die than to be out of fashion.

Surely, the times are sadly out of joint, and men have lost their reason.

W. P. B.

## A MOVING ESSAY.

SOMETIMES, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a family to pull up stakes and strike for other quarters. We have just lived through such an experience. We moved. To the juvenile portion of the family it was the best fun in the world. A little while ago my youngest daughter said, very earnestly, "Mamma, don't you wish we could move *every day*?"

Mamma didn't wish we could. Being an orderly son of person, with a bump of neatness in moderate development, mamma objects to such a general muss every day in the week.

And "muss" does not express the confusion which our belongings got into. I've heard of things being at "sixes and sevens," but I guess ours were at about "sixties and seventies."

Masculine arrangement carried the day at that time, and, with all due deference to my dear brethren, men do possess the grandest faculty in the world for turning things upside down. A woman would have managed that moving with an eye to the future whereabouts of things, but in a man's hands, (we don't intend to let our papa read this,) the only object seemed to be to pitch things pell-mell out of our house, and hocus-pocus into another, and then leave the women kind to straighten them up at their leisure.

Breast was hurried over very early, and things turned up generally to be ready for the dry. Mamma, trembling for her glass and china treasures, in such ruthless hands, watched the first load drive off, and turned to prepare herself and baby to seek the new field of action.

Then it was discovered that the trunk containing baby's cloak and bonnet, had been carried off, and she must go wrapped up in somebody's shawl. Mamma charged them to have a stove up and a fire in it by the time baby came. When she got there, the stove had not even been brought over, and that blessed baby had to be left by a neighbor's fire.

Oh, what a scene of confusion awaited mamma's eyes as she entered her new home. Papa's old boots, were peacefully reposing in a dainty, pink-lined work-basket, two hair brushes lay contentedly in a dinner-pot, and the big looking-glass, upon the floor, supported the flat-irons upon its polished face. Papa's best Sunday coat was rolled up and ignominiously tucked into a wash-boiler, and the fire-pans were in the box with the children's hats.

When dinner-time came, nobody could find the table cloth, but it came to light in a barrel of stove-pipe. And, oh, that stove-pipe! If papa did entirely lose patience and talk "Spanish" to that stove-pipe, it wasn't his fault, for it is exasperating when not a single joint will fit anywhere, and has to be pushed, and punched, and hammered, and squeezed, until neither pipe or patience are good for much—so papa wasn't to blame.

After half-a-day of hard labor, mamma sunk down, exhausted, upon a pile of carpets, and gave vent to her feelings, saying "Oh, dear! I never shall get through us, as we accidentally mistook him for an old woman."

But we did get through at last. Carpets were down, curtains up, windows clean and shiny, pictures hung and books arranged. Even the little cabinet-organ cosily standing in its own corner, with its white keys tempting one to drop work for pleasure.

Then the babies were tucked snugly in bed, and their elders sat down to enjoy a moment's rest in the new home. And that is how we moved. M. D. B.

## HYPOCRITES.

He who writes a letter, and signs it "Yours truly," when he means anything that may be found in the dictionary but that practices a kind of harmless hypocrisy, since the formula is so mechanically used that no fault can well be attached to the act. If, however, your conscience smites you—and it will be very tender if it does—the ambiguous "Yours, etc.," will be preferable.

We would rank among "hypocrites" the following common characters, and hope, if any such read these remarks, they will not read in vain:

The man who becomes a member of the church merely because Jones and Smith are members, and because he thinks he is doing the right thing.

Wheedle, who is in the habit of questioning his clerks thus:

"Have you sanded the sugar, good Sandy, and watered the bread with care? Have you smugged the element into the brandy?"

Yess, master."

"Then come in to pray."

The man who, under the guise of friendship, learns your most important secrets, and then makes use of them against you.

Those who palm off as their own compositions some superior article which they have cribbed from a corner of some paper or magazine little known, because they have neither the ability nor inclination to do honest literary work.

The lady who presses Mr. Bore to stay to tea, when, in her heart, she wishes him on the other side of the Atlantic, or anywhere out of the way.

Ministers who have little brains, less energy, but plenty of laziness; who buy manufactured sermons, at a dollar a dozen, and then deliver them as original, by giving them from the pulpit. These characters, we are happy to say, are much less numerous here than in England. Our spirit of independence seems to put us more above such mean devices.

Lastly, there are some young writers who complain of the conduct of their friends.

They pen a poem or an essay, which, in the first flush of fancy, is supposed to contain all imaginable beauties, or lucky hits of wit. They then hasten to one of those friends of theirs, and they—though at heart must be a silent contempt for performance and performer—begin by telling him it is excellent, and end by flattering the him it is excellent, and end by flattering the gullible youth.

The editor, however, calls it *bosh*. Samuel Johnson would have called it "one of the sins of the sins of a man."

Do you not think that such judgments breathe more of the spirit of friendship than of the opinion of the friend—or, rather, of the hypocrite—and will not the young literary aspirant take the hint, and show his productions to an acquaintance who will be a "friend in need and a friend in deed"—i.e., in his criticism?

PENMANSWIFT.

## Foolscap Papers.

## An Evening with a Baby.

I AM the very soul and body of patience. I am patient on a monument himself; but I came mighty near getting out of that article last week. Jim, my nephew, and his wife were here on a visit; they brought the baby along—I am exceedingly sure it was

Well, one night, with my wife, they went to the opera, and left the baby asleep in his crib, telling me to keep an eye on it, and that it wouldn't disturb me, at least as long as it kept asleep. So I arranged myself for a quiet night by taking a volume of Mother Goose's Melodies and stretching myself out upon a lounge. There is a deep sublimity, a lofty lowliness, a wide contraction, an extended *brievity*, and a vigorous inertness in these poems which make them very interesting to peruse. I was reduced to tears over the terrible disappointment of Mother Hubbard's poetical dog, who failed to get the bone, but I confess myself puzzled over the dainty:

"Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed to see the sport,  
And the cat ran away with the spoon."

JAMES A. Philadelphia. We shall not reprint the volume referred to.

T. C. H. The poems of Thomas Dunn English are only to be had by picking up copy now and then, in the old book stalls. We saw a copy but a few days since.

D. S. O. "In the Web" run through ten numbers. "The Flaming Talisman" will run through twelve numbers—Captain J. F. C. Adams never wrote for any other paper.

REV. JOHN T. B. The MS., "Travelers," is returned as directed. Had stamps for its return been remitted with the MS., it would have spared us some trouble.

CHARLES PETERS. The four largest chn chs are at St. Peter's, Rome; St. Paul's, London; Westminster Abbey in London, and Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris—the first and last being Roman Catholic, the others Church of England. Thank you for your good pin on the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Help to circulate it.

ELBERT G. Do not use such large MS. paper. It covers too much of the printer's "case," and is inconvenient. "Commercial note is the best size for copy" manuscript.

H. H. J. The late Henry J. Raymond has no successor. The *Commercial Note* is his. Successors to his influence and

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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## A PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

BY GERALD SILVEY.

My bed this pillow  
Long hath pressed,  
Life-sapping sickness  
A lone my guest;  
Yet oftentimes there stealth  
To ease my heart's pain,  
Beautiful music—  
A heavenly strain!

Beautiful music—  
Heavenly strain,  
Softly come!  
To cheer me again!  
Sweet its assurance,  
For I know when I die,  
These harpsins celestial  
Shall swell me on high.

My heart awaiting  
That sweet balm of o'd,  
And with beauty unsullied,  
A crown of pure gold;  
And in that bright city  
By the still Japer Sea,  
Among the pearl mansions  
There's a mansion for me.

## Adria, the Adopted: The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "BRANDED," "SEA HARVEST," "NYMPHIA'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

As Nelly Kent came slowly back to life and hope, a warm affection sprang up in her heart for the fair young girl who waited upon her tenderly as a daughter might do for a loved mother.

A day or two preceding the event which closed the last chapter, the two were together in Adria's little nook, which had been furnished with a few articles of comfort.

Fresh bedding, a chair or two, a bit of rich carpeting, looking strangely out of place amidst its rough surroundings, necessary toilet utensils and a small hand-mirror, had been provided by Reginald. Nelly's presence had been kept scrupulously from his knowledge, as well as the range Adria enjoyed except during his visits.

Nelly was bolstered up in a comfortable position, and Adria, deftly dressed as any lady's maid, loosed her mass of heavy, dark hair, which she proceeded to comb and brush very tenderly, that the invalid might not be wearied by the operation.

"How beautiful it is," she said, catching up the rippling, glossy lengths and coiling them smoothly round the other's head. "Not a single gray thread! Why, you have a long life before you yet, dear Nelly, and I hope a happy one."

Nelly put up her hand, touching the silky mass.

"My sorrow should have turned it snow-white," she returned, sadly. "God keep you from ever knowing such."

Adria's eyes filled with tearful sympathy. "I have often wished," she began, timidly, "that you would tell me of your former life. I do not wish to grieve you by recalling painful reminiscences, unless the knowledge of my loving interest should fit me to receive your confidence. Speaking freely of old wounds will sometimes take away the sharpest pain lingering in them."

Nelly bowed her face upon her hands for a time. There were anguished traces there when she raised it again, but she commanded her voice to a steady monotone.

"My story is a sad one," she said, "and I have striven vainly for years to efface my old existence from my memory. I would not have my sorrows dim a single hour of your young life; but, if it is your wish, you shall penetrate the mystery which left me so long in utter darkness, pierced now by a little ray of hope for future contentment, thank Heaven!"

Adria poured some wine into a goblet, placing it near her, and sat quietly down awaiting the elder woman's narrative.

"I was born in Italy," Nelly began. "My father was an Englishman, and an adventurer—my mother the daughter of a noble house. My father married her solely for the distinction and wealth he hoped to attain by means of the alliance. Judge, then, his disappointment when my grandfather—who had been always bitterly opposed to the match—cast off his favorite daughter, sending her and the man she had chosen out into the world, with his bitter curse and unforgiving enmity, to take their chance among the common herd."

The marriage proved ominously unhappy. I think my parents both bitterly regretted the rash step they had taken. At one time they separated, my mother going back to her childhood's home, to crave the toleration which would not have been denied a stranger suffering as she was then. She was denied admittance! When she plead for but a moment's audience with the stern old man, his orders caused the door to be shut in her very face. But she had one friend beneath that roof. It was her maid, Juana, who stole forth and joined her lot with that of the outcast.

"My father received her, with her attendant, back beneath his protection—unwillingly, I have every reason to believe, but he dared not leave her shelterless in the streets. After my birth they bore with each other more patiently."

"He had been a strolling actor once, and when the means derived from the sale of my mother's jewelry and rich clothing had been utterly exhausted, he went back to the old profession."

"The life we led, as I can first remember it, was one of wretched poverty, unseasoned by any of the submission or cheerfulness which true love might have imparted. My mother died, and existence dragged on in the old way, except, as I grew older, my efforts contributed something toward the improvement of our circumstances."

"I had a good voice, in no way remarkable, and some dramatic ability. These procured me ready employment in secondary parts. When I was sixteen, my father was rendered helpless by a stage accident, and, after months of lingering torture, I shed tears which were almost joyful that he died. Do not think me unnatural in saying this. I had never given him much affection, but I am glad to remember that I proved myself a dutiful child. After his injury, his bodily agony had been so intense that he prayed hourly for death, and it came to him as a welcome release."

"I was then attached to an opera troupe, stationed at the time in Parma. A few months later we left that place for Modena, and from thence to the principal cities of Tuscany and Naples."

"During this time, a member of the com-

pany, Pedro Cardini, had been persecuting me with attentions, which, in my unprotected situation, I was powerless to resent, except by steadily refusing to encourage his love. He was both ardent and vindictive. One night he encountered me, unattended, on the street, and, walking by my side, urged his suit so persistently that I grew angry, and replied to him with some scornful words."

"He was enraged then, and threatened me until I grew frightened, and tried to escape him; but he seized my wrist, holding me fast."

"Dare to love any other man," he hissed in my ear, "and I will follow you with my vengeance to the death!"

"I screamed then, loudly, for aid, and a gentleman passing came to my assistance—a foreign gentleman, with white, aristocratic face, and fair hair curling about his temples. He had a sad look in his great hazel eyes, but it faded out of them as he looked at me. He spoke a few sharp words to Pedro, and when the fellow had slunk away, conducted me to the door of my lodgings."

"After that I encountered him often, and learned to watch for his fair, handsome face among the multitude turned nightly toward the stage. To be brief, he wooed me with the love of an honorable man, and when he sailed for his American home, I accompanied him—his wife!"

"My husband was Hugh Ellesford."

Adria started with a surprised exclamation, but quieted herself again to listen now with breathless interest. Nelly resumed:

"He was a proud, sensitive man, and deserved with all except me. During the first weeks of our married life, he told me of his former engagement. He had loved the lady dearly, he said, but not with the absorbing passion he felt for me, and he had long ceased to regret her lack of faith. He possessed her miniature, but gave it into my charge, telling me to destroy it if I choose. I kept it instead, studied it until I knew every line in her fair face, and rejoiced that my dark beauty far surpassed her unimpassioned style."

"I soon discovered that my husband shrank from proclaiming to his friends the marriage which they would term a misalliance. I, too, remembering Pedro's threats, longed only for a secluded life with him, and my good Juana, who refused to be separated from me."

"Yielding to my urgent solicitations, after our landing, he procured me quiet country lodging, and went alone to his home, where he secretly prepared the arched chamber for my use. When all was in readiness, he took me there in the night-time, that prying eyes should not discover my presence."

"There my life was one long holiday, disturbed only by fears that Pedro's vengeance might find me out."

"When my baby came, my winsome, wee boy, my cup of happiness was full. But, as he grew older, his father and I realized his need of unrestrained freedom, which he could not enjoy at the Grange; for me to receive your confidence. Speaking freely of old wounds will sometimes take away the sharpest pain lingering in them."

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tions, and under whose protection I traveled," Nelly said, her eyes misting with the grateful memory. "But how should you know of him?"

"He is my lover of whom I have told you?" Adria answered, a happy glow upon her cheeks. "His generous kindness to you proves him worthy of the respect and regard I have meted him."

"He was enraged then, and threatened me until I grew frightened, and tried to escape him; but he seized my wrist, holding me fast."

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"Yielding to my urgent solicitations, after our landing, he procured me quiet country lodging, and went alone to his home, where he secretly prepared the arched chamber for my use. When all was in readiness, he took me there in the night-time, that prying eyes should not discover my presence."

"There my life was one long holiday, disturbed only by fears that Pedro's vengeance might find me out."

"When my baby came, my winsome, wee boy, my cup of happiness was full. But, as he grew older, his father and I realized his need of unrestrained freedom, which he could not enjoy at the Grange; for me to receive your confidence. Speaking freely of old wounds will sometimes take away the sharpest pain lingering in them."

"I soon discovered that my husband shrank from proclaiming to his friends the marriage which they would term a misalliance. I, too, remembering Pedro's threats,

ing will soon be over, and the day will soon be here now."

Jacqueta turned from the window with a hard, mocking laugh.

"What if I forestall your communication, Grizelle? What if I tell him myself?"

"You would not dare to."

"Would I not? Wait till to-morrow, and you will see."

"You would not dare to. I repeat it! Bold as you are, you have not courage for that!"

"Courage! You are the first who ever accused me of a lack of that article. I have courage enough to face a hungry lion just now, or a more ferocious animal still, Grizelle Howlet!"

"Oh! I don't call you a coward! You would not be your father's daughter if you were that! And mind I am not speaking of Mr. Robert De Vere now. But the courage that would make you face a raging lion is not strong enough to make you debase yourself in the eyes of the man you love!"

"You jump at conclusions too fast, Grizelle. In the first place, you have only your own surmise that I have been idiot enough to fall in love—and with him; and, secondly, it would not debase me in his eyes if he knew all this instant. There is no crime or disgrace connected with—none, at least, for me. The sin rests on your shoulders. I am only the sufferer!"

"Why, then, is it so closely concealed?"

Why is it so completely hidden from him? Does not that very secretly betoken guilt?

Doubtless he has heard this same music that at present is charming us, and wondered at it. Perhaps he has even inquired what it meant."

"He has."

"And what did you tell him?"

"What do you think I told him? What was there for me to tell? I laughed at the notion!"

"And left the secret for me. Thank you, Jacqueta. Oh! for the day when all shall be revealed, and he will know the thing he has been loving!"

"Let it come!" said Jacqueta, straining her clenched hand on the window-sill.

"What do I care? One thing is, he will better look to himself if you do, lest Mr. De Vere should suddenly remember he is a magistrate, and you are a murderer!"

"I don't fear him, thanks to his haughty daughter, Augusta. I have her head under my heel, and can crush it when I please."

"You hold her by some imaginary power. Augusta De Vere would not stoop to commit a crime to save her life!"

"That's as may be. My power over her is strong enough to keep me from all fears on that score; and however imaginary it may be, it is a terrible reality in your case."

"How do you know I will not turn informer? There are cells and chains enough in Green Creek to bind Grizelle Howlet, and rope enough to silence her poisonous tongue."

"I defy you! Before the rope could silence me, Augusta De Vere would be a corpse. Mind! I make no idle threat; but her secret once breathed, and she would not survive an hour!"

"Better a speedy release from your tyranny than this slow eating away of life, you hideous vampire! She is fading away now like the waning moon; and before another year will be in her grave, and you will have a second murder to answer for!"

"That is my own look-out. It is nothing to you! And, in spite of all your vaunting, you have no more intention of doing it, than I have of strangling you this instant where you stand!"

"Better for me you would—oh, better, better for me you would!" cried Jacqueta, wringing her hands.

"I know that; but I am not idiot enough to forego my revenge in such fashion! When the time comes, you will fall from your shaking pedestal—be hurled back to the slime whence you emerged—a mark for the finger of scorn to point at. What will high-spirited, bold-hearted Jack De Vere do then?" said Grizelle, with a sardonic sneer.

"She can, like Caesar, cover her face, and die with dignity, if need be. You may alienate one—him of whom you speak; but I will still have an honored home in Fontelle Hall."

"Will you? That remains to be seen! What would you say if I should tell you you would be cast out into scorn and contempt from their gates, despised and abhorred by all, from the master of Fontelle to the lowest menial in the kitchen?"

"I should call it what it is—a lie!"

"It is the truth, as you will find when the day comes. Oh, for that day! I will never see the sun rise till it dawns—that blessed day that will find you beggared, disgraced, homeless outcast!"

"Do your worst."

"You will change your tune before long. Oh! you don't know Grizelle Howlet yet, I see, or the doom that is gathering over your head. Wait!"

"I intend to, and will brave you to your face when it comes!" said Jacqueta, with a short, mocking laugh.

"Yes, you may laugh now; but, in the end, let those laugh who win. You think now you can bear the disgrace; and perhaps, if Mr. De Vere and Augusta alone were concerned, you might; but this fine young stranger (ah, mention him, and you wince), how will you bear his scorn, and contempt, and hatred?—no, not hatred; for he will loathe you too much to stoop to that!"

"Let him! He is nothing to me!"

"Very true—he is another's; yet I have given him your whole heart. And what has he given you in return?"

"His love!" said Jacqueta, with a bright, fierce flush of her eyes.

"Ah! he has told you so, and you believe him. Perhaps he believes it himself now; and if so, it is all the better, for it will make him loathe you all the more by-and-by."

"Speak no more of him. I will not listen," said Jacqueta, clasping both hands, with the same involuntary motion, over her heart.

"Oblige me by doing so a moment longer. What will Mr. De Vere say when he finds his pretty daughter, Jacqueta, has listened to this illicit love, and returned it; she, the—"

"Peace!" shrieked Jacqueta, with a frenzied stamp of her foot. "Do you want to drive me mad?"

"By no means! I should be very sorry for such a catastrophe, as it would defeat all my plans. And now, as you wish it, to change the subject. What do you think of this handsome Spanish boy, brought over by Captain Nick Tempest?"

"What I please."

"And what do you please to think, my dear young lady? Do be a little more communicative! Extremely handsome—is he not, for a boy?"

"So you say."

"But I want your opinion."

"There is no danger of your falling in love with him, I trust," sneered Grizelle.

"I shall, if I choose."

"Not much danger of your choosing to do so, I fancy," said Grizelle, with a contemptuous laugh. "What does our hand-some English cousin think of him?"

"Ask him."

"Perhaps I shall. I want to consult him also about Norma. Have you ever heard the name before, Jacqueta?"

"What would you give to know?"

"And be nothing the wiser," added Grizelle, with another low, sardonic laugh.

"Short and sweet! I thought, perhaps, Captain Disbrowe might have mentioned the name in his declaration of love. It is rather an unusual one."

"Is it?"

"Ask Master Jacinto what he thinks of it."

"I shall leave that for you to do along with the rest."

"Very well. I am equal to a Spanish boy, or any other emergency. Singular, is it not, that he should risk his life for a complete stranger he never saw before?"

"You say so?"

"And more singular still, that the Honorable Alfred Disbrowe should be stone-blind. What says the old song, Jacqueta? 'What will not woman when she loves?' Take Captain Disbrowe to his cost—that life without Jack De Vere would be a miserable affair, not worth having, he found, too. But whether she took the same view of the case with regard to him, he was at a loss to know. He would have given worlds to know how she discovered the secret of his engagement to Norma; for he was positive Earnecliffe had never told them, and he was equally positive that both she and old Grizelle Howlet knew of it. There was no accounting for it, except by the fact that one or both was a witch; and looking up at the smiling, mocking face on the wall, he felt half inclined to believe that Jacqueta was one."

"He has."

"And what did you tell him?"

"What do you think I told him? What was there for me to tell? I laughed at the notion!"

"And left the secret for me. Thank you, Jacqueta. Oh! for the day when all shall be revealed, and he will know the thing he has been loving!"

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"By no means! I should be very sorry for such a catastrophe, as it would defeat all my plans. And now, as you wish it, to change the subject. What do you think of this handsome Spanish boy, brought over by Captain Nick Tempest?"

"What I please."

had securely locked both; so, giving them a parting glance, he ran down the stone stairs and passed out of the aperture by which he had entered.

The hall-door remained as he had left it—proof positive that neither Jacqueta nor her companion had entered the house by its means. He softly locked it after him and then ascending the stairs, sought his room—not to sleep, but to pace up and down until morning should dawn.

Another sensation of wonder besides that relating to Jacqueta filled his mind. He had heard them mention Norma—what knew he of her? That both knew she had been his liege-lady while in England was evident; and that he felt convinced was the reason why Jacqueta had so scornfully and indignantly rejected him. What if he should give up this high-born fiance of his?—what if he should offer to surrender wealth and rank, to brave the haughty anger of his relatives, and the scoffs and sneers of his aristocratic friends, all for her love? Surely such a proof of devotion must awaken some return in her flinty breast; surely, then, he could conquer the conqueress, make the fierce young lioness crouch, cower and tame, at his feet.

But he had courage enough for such a sacrifice—was she worth it? Some day, and most probably soon, he would be Earl of Earnecliffe and Baron of Gulgford; and did he not owe something to the world and his high position? And more, did he not owe a great deal to this lady betrothed of his at home? True, he remembered the engagement had been none of his making, but that of Earnecliffe's and the lady's father, who wished to see the family united; the former, because the lady was unexceptionable in beauty and family, and would have an immense dowry; and the latter, because he wished his daughter, who, with her wealth, was simply Miss Macdonald, to have a title and be a countess. But he himself had given a tacit consent. He had acquiesced nonchalantly enough when his brother informed him of it, and proceeded to woo the young lady, then a romantic school-girl, in true orthodox, gentlemanly fashion. He was, as he said himself, a poor devil of a younger brother, with expensive tastes and habits, and slightly extravagant, if the truth must be told; and the income he derived from the earl was far inadequate to his expenses. True, he would be an earl himself some day, and one of the wealthiest peers of the realm; but as he could not live on that hope, and as Earnecliffe, though suffering from a disease liable to carry him off at any moment, might still see fit to live a dozen years, he must have something to live on in the mean time. And Norma Macdonald's fortune was just the thing—her ten thousand a year would supply him with spending-money comfortably, pay his debts, keep him in pale ale and kid gloves, buy him a yacht at Cowes, let him own a horse at the Derby, and keep a dashing four-in-hand in town. It was just the thing for him—though he could not do better if he was to try; which he was a great deal too indolent to do. So he closed with the offer and the lady at once.

It was rather a bore to be obliged to make love to her, to be sure—to fan her, and attend her to the opera, and turn over her music when she played; but these were necessary evils that every man had to suffer through, some time or other in his life, and he supposed he might as well make up his mind to be resigned, and begin at once. So he yawned, made himself fascinating, and set off to captivate Miss Norma Macdonald. And he succeeded to perfection. Miss Norma fell violently in love with him, then and there—as he came pretty near doing the same with her, too. Surpassingly beautiful she was—the most superb specimen of the superb sex he had ever seen, even then, although she was not more than fifteen years of age. Her beauty was of a rare and singular sort, with large, dark, lustrous eyes and golden hair, a snowy complexion, and the most perfect of hands and feet. Romantic and impulsive she was in the extreme, had read no end of novels, and was quite ready to love the first tolerably handsome young man who came in her way, from a duke to James the footman. And Captain Disbrowe, the dashing, handsome, gallant young guardsman, was just the one to captivate a susceptible heart of fifteen. She had heard stories of his princely extravagance, of his wild deeds, and the thousand and one scrapes he was constantly getting into; but few young ladies are disposed to like a man the less for such a reputation. Norma Macdonald certainly was not. And never was a scapragate better loved than was the handsome young officer by her. His feelings toward her were an odd mixture. He was proud of her, that was certain: he knew she would one day be the star of the first magnitude in the world of beauty and fashion; that he would be envied by every man of his acquaintance when she would enter society; that she would make a sensation when presented at court; and do as an unrivaled Lady Earnecliffe, and do the honors of Disbrowe Park enthralling. And was not that enough? He liked her well enough; he must marry somebody, and she was just the thing, in every respect. She loved him, too, which was another consideration, although he knew very well she would have loved Tom Vane or Lord Austrey, his fast friends, just the same, if they had entered the list first. As it was, she loved him with her whole heart, and him only; and being a little grateful, and a good deal proud, he felt, on the whole, perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. He did not love her, to be sure; but though he had flirted from the age of eighteen, when he had taken moonlight rambles through old Fontelle with the daughter of his father's steward, he had never entertained a *grande passion* for anybody, and did not believe he was capable of it—did not desire any such thing, in fact; it would be such a bore to be violently in love! And so things were in this satisfactory state, and the course of true love was running as smooth as a mill-dam, when the young guardsman got a commission in a regiment ordered to Ireland, and led a gay life of it, for two or three years, alternately in that "beautiful city called Cork," and the capital of the Emerald Isle, while Miss Norma was inspiring her mind and kissing the miniature of her dashing lover within the consecrated walls of a fashionable boarding-school. Then he returned to England, to avoid the consequences of some tremendous scrape he had got into in Dublin, saw his *chère amie*, who had grown a thousand times more beautiful than ever, and twice as much in love, from constantly thinking of her absent truant.

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once drawn toward Cecilia by that subtle, sweet attraction which

"—rules the court, the camp, the grove,

And man below, and saints above."

The attraction was intensified with the lapse of time, and soon his love grew to be a silent worship. Already had he deduced sufficient from her speech and action to know that she was not totally insensible to his passion, and, at last, he felt he had but to ask to receive.

How bright every thing seemed to him, when he reasoned that a declaration of his love was sure to meet with most favorable reception! He conjured in imagination, a blissful future—dwelt in hallowed reveries upon glad scenes in which Cecilia pictured as his cherished wife.

But the crisis had come—had passed. Where, now, were those fond hopes, those gilded castles of joy which buoyant thought had built? All had faded. Refused, but loved. Oh! unaccountable mystery. He saw no explanation; and hence the gloomy aspect of his brow as he thoughtfully traversed the streets.

Reaching his rooms, he found his friend and room-mate walking to and fro in an excited manner, gesticulating wildly and addressing himself to a pillow propped up on the table, while, with frantic vehemence, he rattled off something like this:

"Yes, your honor—that an especially accumulated twelve, whose impartial consideration of prominent facts, evidences, affidavits and heterogeneous concomitants to undeniable statements whose authenticity is unquestionable, should, for the briefest particle of a moment, hesitate in arriving at a justifiable verdict of honorable acquittal, is, your honor, I say, astounding, sir—asounding? sir, it is ridiculous, unprecedented, and implies a glaring incompetency to decide at all in the present case, where it is clearly proven" hitting the table a thump with his fist, the pillow toppled and fell, and, readjusting it with a savage jerk, he continued "that my client's cow *has* no horns, and, therefore, demonstrates the impossibility of its having horned complainant's cook-maid! And your honor?"

"Hello, Crewly, another case?" Waldron advanced suddenly, and broke into his practice of a speech.

Yes, it was Christopher Crewly—well known to many of our readers—and there, in one corner, stood the white umbrella, and on its handle was hung the worn silk hat.

The lawyer now wore a thin, faded linen duster, the sleeves of which were short, and the tail of which reached nearly to his heels.

Waldron's unceremonious entrance disconcerted him somewhat, but he replied with a nod, then restored the pillow to its place on the bed and resumed his excited walk to and fro across the apartment—mumbling incoherently about hornless cows, perfumed cook-maids, belligerent clients, damages, acquittal, etc., etc., continually whisking over the leaves of a copy of "Blackstone," which he flourished spasmodically. Occasionally, his steel-gray eyes were raised in pious solemnity to the ceiling, as if dwelling with pathos on especial points, or committing passages to memory from the book.

Waldron was not disposed to interrupt him further. Throwing his hat carelessly aside, he seated himself at a window, through which came a light breeze that was refreshing to his heated forehead.

"Tink-a-link, link, link-a-link, link—"

the dinner-bell sounded in the hall below.

There was a "slap," a "thud," Blackstone fell to the floor, and Crewly puckered his lips and drew in a long breath, as if he scented the flavor of a tempting meal.

"Dinner!" he enunciated, briefly, looking at his young friend.

Waldron made no reply. He was gazing absently at a bed of roses beneath the window.

"I say—dinner!" repeated the lawyer, forcibly.

"I do not care to dine, Mr. Crewly."

"Pah! Get out! Who ever heard of such a thing? What—aren't you hungry? Sir, your digestion is out of order. Hear?—come on."

"Excuse me, Mr. Crewly."

Crewly looked at him blankly, as if he could not understand how a sane man could resist the temptation of a substantial repast; then, not caring to be last at table, he vented a contemptuous "umph!" and strode from the apartment.

When the lawyer returned, half an hour later, he found Waldron seated where he had left him.

"I say, you know you're hungry!"—in a high key.

"No, I am not."

"Wonderful! Well, I can't help you; bi carb of soda do you good. (Picking up the book and resuming his study.) A cow without horns, to willfully horn a cook-maid, when—I say, Harry, better go and eat some dinner!" is preposterous, and if?"

"What have you got hold of this time, Crewly?"

"Oh! why, that same fellow—rascal!—who—brought a case up before, where a thief stole his wife's tea-kettle, and then struck him over the head with it—retaining prisoner till result of wound was ascertained. Recollect? Meet him, to-night, at T—'s restaurant. Hasn't feed me yet. Eat goose, though—plenty of feathers. Court won't decide—blockheads! Clear case. But, I'm off now. Better go down to dinner, you. Idea of a man refusing dinner!—him!—bad sign. Try Dr. D—'s Plantation—but, good-by, now," and Crewly, slapping on his hat and grasping his umbrella, put Blackstone under his arm, and swung out of the room with those familiar, two-yard strides.

Christopher Crewly had an engagement with his client at eight o'clock that same evening.

Returning to supper, he found Waldron still in that careless, abstracted mood, and, for the first time, imagining that something had crossed his friend, he ventured a few questions in his own inimitable bluntness. But his inquiries met with no satisfactory reply, and then he began to wonder.

His wonderment, however, was an after-consideration, just then, and he started forth to fulfill his engagement.

Crewly was punctual—as he always made it a point to be in every thing—and pretty soon the party joined him. Over a friendly glass, they held a very satisfactory consultation.

The man had departed. Crewly was lingering yet, to "finish" the malt beverage he had ordered, when Reginald Darnley entered.

As the lawyer observed him, his brow knit.

"That's Reginald Darnley," he mused, inwardly. "Now, what's he doing here? Logic: not knowing, can't say. Report don't speak well of that young man. Loose habits, late hours, questionable associations, etc., etc. Know his father well. A nice old gentleman. Son isn't like him—not a diminutive bit. Plays cards, and all that. Something's the matter with him—so, drinks claret, and calls for it by the bottle. Bad sign—very bad!"

Involuntarily, the lawyer found himself deeply studying the young man.

As he watched, he marked that Reginald was extremely uneasy; saw his restless glances wander, anon, from the door to the clock, and again to the door.

Crewly shook his head. He thought it a bad case.

"What a fine old 'pop' he's got, too!" ruminating. "I wonder if he knows his father well?"

Presently Gerard, Henricq came in. The clock indicated the hour of eight precisely.

As the young man started up to meet his supposed friend, the latter placed a finger to his lips in a way that said: "Be careful."

This action struck Crewly as singular. He watched the pair curiously.

Reginald called a waiter.

"Room 8."

"Do not speak so loud," cautioned Henricq; and the two, locking arms, followed the waiter up-stairs.

As Darnley and the old man passed within a few feet of the lawyer, the first said, interrogatively:

"Gerard Henricq, you have arranged for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Darnley. But wait—prudence. One whisper might betray us. I must insist that you—" They were out of Crewly's hearing before the sentence was completed.

"One whisper might betray us," he repeated to himself, placing the handle of the umbrella to his lips and gazing fixedly at the floor. "Betray what, eh? Now, I wonder? Something's up. A conspiracy, no doubt. There's mischief afoot—bet my best hat on it. Room eight, he called for. Shall I? Guess I shall. Why not? Room six adjoins. Crewly, wake up—crawl, slip, jump! After 'em, now!" Wheeling round, quick as thought, he summoned a waiter.

"Hurry up, now—rascal! Room six. Hear? Fly! Up you go. Tread on your heels, presently—shoot! Room six."

Rooms six and eight were connected by folding doors, which were closed and locked. A convenient key-hole pleased him as he caught sight of it."

"Liquor, sir?" The waiter lingered for an order.

"Nary liq. Get out, now; maybe I'll call you directly."

Dismissing the man, he locked himself in.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HOT TRAIL.

"And now, whate'er thou art, thou unseen prompter of the secret sinners of my soul, darkly abiding, and hast still retained

The soft, compunctions weakness of mine heart, I here surrender thee myself!" MILMAN.

WHEN Gerard Henricq and the young man were alone in their fancied security from eavesdroppers, the latter was first to speak; the quick, sharp intonation of voice betrayed how great was his impatience.

"Now tell me your plan."

"Directly," returned the old man, quietly. "First, seat yourself. Second, take my advice, and curb this impatience, which, unmercifully, consumes you—it's bad, Mr. Darnley; it may thwart our project. Cool purposes alone can be carried out successfully; therefore, I say, keep cool. Drink some wine." He had ordered wine for the waiter, and Reginald, at the invitation, imbibed a heavy draught.

Gerard Henricq avoided the liquor, and as the young man set down his glass, he asked:

"Why don't you drink?"

"I never touch it."

"Well, proceed, now, quickly. What do you propose?"

"Easy, now," in a voice of tantalizing calmness. "Is your head cool?"

"Cool enough, sir. Will you come to the point?"

"Are you sure, Mr. Darnley, very sure, that you are equal to the task ahead? Have you braced your nerves? Is your determination strong as ever?"

"I am equal to it, and I am eager. I passed him on the street, after we parted, this morning, and he turned his gaze from me as he would from a—a—O—h! I am maddened! Tell me what to do, and how it may be done. I would have taken his life, to secure that which will keep the grim shadow of poverty from my heels!—since that meeting, I would do the deed in successfully; therefore, I say, keep cool. Drink some wine." He had ordered wine for the waiter, and Reginald, at the invitation, imbibed a heavy draught.

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"Are you sure, Mr. Darnley, very sure, that you are equal to the task ahead? Have you braced your nerves? Is your determination strong as ever?"

"Your plan? Your plan?" half interrupted his listener. "A truce to further prelude. We are wasting time."

"To business, then, at once. We must accomplish our design with poison." The low voice was even musical in its subtle evidence; the speaker leaned forward in his chair, and bent a deep glance upon the redning face of his companion.

"Poison? Well," approved Reginald, as with eyes riveted upon the carpet, and teeth hard set, he waited to hear further.

"Your father is in the habit of taking a goblet of ale every night before retiring—"

"How do you know that?" followed by a sharp, searching look.

"You told me so this morning."

"Did I? Strange—I do not remember it."

"But you did."

"No matter. Go on."

"Am I not right?"

"Yes," and Reginald's gaze again fell to the floor.

"Now, Mr. Darnley, if you will contrive in some way to introduce the poison into the ale, I will guarantee that Mervin Darnley shall be dead within ten hours after drinking it—but did you hear that?"

The two plotters started to their feet. An unmistakable sound, resembling a half-smothered exclamation, had interrupted the old man's speech.

"It is nothing," said Henricq, when they had listened for a few seconds. "We were mistaken. Only fancy."

Reginald was not so easily persuaded that fancy had deceived them; but the room offered no place for concealment, and, presently, both resumed their seats.

"Do you think you can introduce the deadly drug into the ale?" inquired the oily voice.

"Yes. But where is it—the poison?"

"Here."

As a small phial passed between the two men, their eyes met. Those behind the spectacles fairly scintillated—but it was only for a moment.

With hand outstretched, Reginald paused. Something familiar struck him. He was motionless, gazing steadfast; and through his brain flashed the question:

"Where have I seen those eyes before?"

"Take it," pressed the old villain, imperceptibly ill at ease under the other's studying glance; "and mark; ten drops will be sufficient. Ten drops will burn out his life—ten drops are to give you back your inheritance. Can you remember?"

"Yes," tightly clasping the phial in his palm.

"You do not waver?"

"No," huskily; and he added, as if, for the first time, the enormity of his guilt rose before him: "God! what—what if I should be discovered?"

"Pah! nothing."

"The hangman!"

"I see—no, you waver, after all."

"No—I do not!" vehemently. "You shall see that my nerve is greater than you suppose. There's mischief afoot—bet my life."

"Speed and surely," whispered Henricq.

"But, as you've shown a weak spot, let me tell you, there is no danger at all. It will be impossible to trace the cause of death to poison. And, even if possible, why should you be suspected? Make yourself easy on that point. But, wait. It is better that you should be out of the city when the death occurs. I leave to-night, for Washington."

"Speed and surely," whispered Henricq.

"We understand each other, now?"

"Perfectly."

"Your nerve—"

"Is of iron!"

"That's all, then. Remember, ten drops

—no more, no less. Come, we'll go."

Together they left the apartment. On the street they separated, going in opposite directions.

## BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said—“Oh, buckwheat cakes are splendid!” Who’s all the glory of old Rome—Or wreaths from old Parades? Who’s all the other girls of home?—But these, salve, and these! Fill high the cup with Samian wine! Feast, poets, by your fountains! But give to me who ne’er I dine. The cakes piled up like mountains. The more you look the more cakes! The fire was brightly burning; I thought it wasn’t any shakes. To try my hand at turning. The first one I turned to burn. (The art is easily learned.) If you will only stop to learn) On the stovepipe plastered. The next time I had better luck; The art I fast was stealing; For by chance I had a stuck Above me on the ceiling. The third one I was better at, The art I now saw into; It came from the household cat, And it went through the window-pane! The fourth I turned with better grace, And with a back-hand action I stuck it flat upon my face, And—quit with satisfaction!

## Bianca's Champion.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

BIANCA CAMPBELL, the pretty little blonde heiress of Oaklands, stood at the deep bay-window of the old family mansion, one blustering November evening, gazing listlessly at the bank of crimson-tipped leaden clouds that hid the setting sun.

“I do wonder if he will come to-morrow,” she murmured, her little fingers tapping on the pane. “One year ago, come tomorrow night, I promised to wed Sylvester Vincent, because I thought I really loved him. But now, another has crossed my path—one younger and fairer than the naval officer, whose brilliant uniform must have captivated my heart. I do not love Sylvester Vincent now—I was foolish to give him the promise he craved on bended knees; and oh! that some one would tell me how I could honorably break my word, to become the bride of Henri De Maintanon.”

Sylvester Vincent was a sea-captain, and a native of the busy Oriental city, near which the mansion of Oaklands stood. He dearly loved the seas, had attained his thirtieth year, was handsome, though tanned, refined, and chivalrous. With undisguised affection, he had watched Bianca grow to bewitching womanhood, and, as she has admitted, won the promise of her hand. Then, with a happy heart, he left her, the Seamew spread her sails, and Bianca’s lover turned his face toward a distant portion of the globe.

At the end of a year, he had said, he would return, and claim the fulfillment of her promise.

A month after the sailing of the Seamew, a stranger crossed Bianca’s path, and found his way across Oaklands’ threshold.

He was a young Frenchman—an *attaché* of the French legation at Washington—and an invalid, seeking health. Handsome, courteous and agreeable, he soon obtained an *entrée* into the best society of the sea-shore retreat, and the wealthier portion of the community vied with each other to do Monsieur Henri De Maintanon honor.

Roland Campbell—in whose veins ran the blood of Bruce’s adherents—forgot that his daughter was the promised bride of the playmate of her childhood, and resolved that she should wed the secretary, whose prospects of a dukedom were, according to his representations, quite flattering.

And, as the days waned, the foreigner, strong as a young lion, did not return to his post; and Bianca, almost forgetting her seafaring lover, believed that she loved him.

“Oh! that some one would tell me how I can honorably break my word,” she sighed, over and over again, as she stood at the window, tapping upon the pane with an impatient air.

Suddenly her father, who had stolen on tiptoe into the apartment, lightly touched her shoulder, and caused her to turn upon him, with a pretty cry of alarm.

“So my little girl prefers a De Maintanon to a Vincent?” he said, half interrogatively, with a faint smile.

“So you overheard my reflections.”

“Yes, Bianca, and I am proud to tell you that it pleases me.”

“Father!”

She started back as she uttered the word, for her parent had drawn a folded paper from his bosom.

“Ah!” he cried, “already to guess the contents of this sheet!”

“I guess at nothing,” she said, a strange emotion pervading her voice. “Does that journal’s contents affect me?”

“Yes; they sever the engagement betwixt yourself and Sylvester Vincent.”

“I do not comprehend you, father,” she cried. “Your words are wrapped in mystery; explain.”

He slowly unfolded the paper, and thrust it into Bianca’s hands. His fingers described a marked paragraph.

The heiress drew nearer the fading light, and soon mastered the lines, informative of the wreck of the Seamew off Cape Horn, and the loss of all on board.

“You are free now,” said her father, as she returned the paper, without uttering a word.

“Free!”

The word sounded strangely and acutely in her ear.

Often, when alone—when imagination brought the handsome face of Henri De Maintanon before her—she had wished that the Seamew would never return; and now like an accusing sprite, the fulfillment of what rush ed before her vision.

“Bianca, why don’t you speak?” cried her father, gazing upon her face, now ghastly pale in the gloaming.

“The terrible news has unnerved me,” she said, starting at the unnatural sound of her own voice. “It was so unexpected; and, father, you must excuse my further presence until morning;” and, jerking the paper from his hand, she hurried from the apartment.

Once in her chamber, she re-read the tidings, and buried her pale face in her hands.

“It is my work, my work!” she groaned, in the agony that swept over her soul. “That wish—that unshallow wish! Oh, could I undo the deed; but, alas! ‘tis too

late, too late!” and “too late!” rung forever in her ears.

Then, in the moments of repentance, the old love returned, and the ambitious girl would have given her heirship for the life of Sylvester Vincent.

But until the “great day” would the sea give up its dead.

Months flitted away, and, save a brief absence, the young *attaché* of the French legation never left Bianca’s side.

She seemed to have forgotten her old lover, for whose death, for Henri’s sake, she had eagerly wished, and again Bianca Campbell was the queen of mirim.

“I wonder who will be crowned queen of the morrow,” she said, one summer evening, looking up into the darkly scintillating eyes of her foreign lover.

“Who other than thy beautiful self?” he said.

“Pshaw!” she cried, blushing under his passionate look. “Others are fairer than I—there’s Augusta Chalfant!”

“Whose beauty pales beside thine,” cried the adoring Frenchman.

The morrow—the day of the modern tournament—broke, bright and beautiful upon the sea-shore world. The *fête* had been advertised near and far, and mailed and plumed gallants flocked from every quarter, each eager to crown his “bright particular star” the “queen of love and beauty.”

The seats around the tilting ring were crowded with ladies fair, and, after the manner of the days of chivalry, the knights rode into the circle, and the tournament began.

Knight after knight was vanquished by the knight of the Black Stars, who was none other than Henri De Maintanon, upon whose breast-plate glittered a monster ebon star.

The victor of the contest was to crown the queen of love and beauty, and the people saw in the Black Star knight the favored one.

At length he spurred his steed around the ring, calling aloud upon any new knight to couch lances with him. Like the warlike Macedonian, he had conquered every champion, and the ceremony of demanding more was mere custom.

The voices of the spectators were proclaiming him the victor, when a horseman dashed into the circle.

The new-comer was clad in a long, snowy mantle, and wore a cowl after the manner

of L——, in Kentucky, there stands in the midst of a noble park, a fine, large brick mansion, which, with its surroundings, gives every evidence of luxury and great wealth.

From the house to the turnpike—the distance is some quarter of a mile or more—the road passes up an avenue, bordered upon either side with those most beautiful of all shade trees—the English elm—which, at the proper spot, divides, and, sweeping

a few miles from the flourishing city of L——, in Kentucky, there stands in the midst of a noble park, a fine, large brick mansion, which, with its surroundings, gives every evidence of luxury and great wealth.

It was the accusation against this man that had done more than all else to make the vigilance committee refuse to entertain the detectives’ suspicions, but, nevertheless, it was upon him that the thief-taker fixed his eyes. I need not pause to tell of the various devices used to obtain certain information of the rich man’s complicity in the numerous crimes. Months of unceasing labor and watchfulness passed, and still Coleman Bradley was seen among men, transacting his business as he had always done.

But the shadow of coming disaster had fallen across the threshold of the splendid mansion, and ruin followed speedily.

One of the most remarkable facts concerning the many crimes, was that the stolen horses had repeatedly been tracked to a certain point, and there the trail had invariably been lost.

Upon this the detective built his theory,

that the rich man was the chief of the regulators, and whose quite a number were in the subterranean stable at the time.

In the mean time, those who were guarding the house, apprised of what was going on beneath the earth, burst in the doors, secured the frightened inmates, and from one forced the secret of the way of communication from the house to the cavern.

The conflict was at its height, when this reinforcement made the attack in the robbers’ rear.

Nothing could withstand such overwhelming advantage as was possessed by the regulators, and one by one the horse-thieves fell, fighting to the last.

Not one escaped, nor did any, save Coleman Bradley, who was secured in his bed, fall into the attacking party’s hands alive.

Within the immense underground stable a very large number of valuable animals were found, many of which had been stolen in distant localities, and brought hither for safe-keeping.

The next morning the dead body of Coleman Bradley was found suspended to a tree near the public highway.

This broke up the band, of which the rich man was the chief, the ramifications of which extended all over the South, and which is, to this day, spoken of as the “Great League.”

keen blade from his bosom, he began to probe, with its point, the apparently hard limestone mass. At the third stroke he felt the weapon penetrate what he knew to be wood, and then, as if apparently satisfied, he replaced the weapon, and cautiously left the place.

“A subterranean stable,” he muttered, as he mounted his horse that was concealed in a thicket near by. “And if I am not mighty out of it, the other end of the cavern emerges within yonder brick mansion,” and he turned his gaze off through the darkness, where the outlines of Coleman Bradley’s house could be faintly seen.

At length it was secretly determined to employ a number of skillful detectives, such as can only be found in large cities, where constant crime produces them, and forthwith two of the best that the great metropolis possessed were sent for, and the “case” given into their hands.

To such men the mystery was simply no mystery at all.

Hitherto the criminals had been searched for amid the lower classes, in the humbler walks of life. These professional thief-takers struck higher, and, as it proved, with deadly accuracy.

In less than a week a list of names was handed to the regulators. They saw upon it some of the best, most substantial and wealthiest men in the section, and in stubborn disbelief handed it back, paid off to the detectives, considering them either ignorant or crazy, and went on with the search themselves.

One of the detectives returned to New York. The other determined to remain and help the matter upon his “own hook,” trusting to the future for his reward.

They were a band of regulators; all were masked and otherwise disguised, so as to render their recognition a matter impossible.

Silently the house was surrounded with a cordon of pickets, and then twenty-five dark figures, leaving their horses in charge of a holder, moved off in the direction of the wooden hill.

In front of the mysterious place in the cliffs, where the horses had been seen to disappear, these men halted for a brief consultation.

This was quickly ended; several stepped forward with carbines and wrenches, and with as little noise as possible, began the task of removing the heavy oaken door that had been fitted into the mouth of the cavern, and so carved, seamed and painted as to resemble perfectly the adjoining rock.

It was a laborious and difficult work; but at length the barrier gave way before the skilled artisans that were at work, and a dark, gloomy cavern, running back into the bowels of the earth, stood revealed.

Still moving with extreme caution, the regulators advanced; but scarcely had they turned the first angle in the tortuous passage, when a blinding light was flashed in their eyes, the sharp report of a pistol followed, and one of the number staggered back and fell, shot through the heart.

A desperate conflict instantly began between the regulators and horse-thieves, of whom quite a number were in the subterranean stable at the time.

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**Short Stories from History.**

**Expatriated Citizens.**—We read in recent reports from France of the great number of Communists doomed, by judgment of the courts, to perpetual exile—some to foreign lands, others to the French colonies in the South Pacific. The sad history of some of those leaders of the attempted Communist revolution vividly recalls the distresses of the French revolution of 1789-90.

No event, either in ancient or modern times, ever created so many exiles as the French revolution; notwithstanding the difficulty which often occurred of escaping from the merciless fangs of the guillotine, by which so many thousands were immolated in the sacred name of liberty. The following numerical estimate of the emigration from France, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of November, 1790, was published at Paris, by order of the Directory. The total number was 124,000, including 9,000 women of the nobility; 16,920 noblemen; 28,000 priests; 404 belonging to the parliament; 8,492 nobles in the military profession; 9,933 landed proprietors; 2,867 lawyers; 280 bankers; 7,801 merchants; 324 surgeons; 3,288 farmers; 2,000 nobles in the naval service; 22,729 artisans; 2,800 servants; 3,000 wives of artisans; 3,083 children of both sexes; 4,428 nuns (*religieuses*).

England, notwithstanding the long cherished national enmity, was the first, last, and best asylum of the French emigrants, who were not only received and treated with the utmost individual hospitality, but had also the most munificent support from the British government; a support which was never for a moment withheld, from the commencement of the revolution, until after the restoration of the Bourbons. The following sums granted, during a period of eight years only, by parliament, for the relief of the suffering clergy and laity of France, are a proud monument of national liberality: In 1795, £136,959; 1796, £269,440; 1797, £379,000; 1798, £12,677; 1799, £239,574; 1800, £502,798; 1801, £277,772; 1802, £173,535.

It is thus persecution and outlawry depletes populations. France especially has suffered fearfully from her cruel proscriptions of her own citizens. The Huguenot slayings and anti-Protestant edicts inaugurated by the French governing authorities drove from France, in five years, at least 300,000 people. Such is the madness of bigots and the hateful character of all despots, whether of church or state.

**An Artless Reply.**—The following little anecdote has been left in Dr. Wolcott’s own handwriting:

When the Duke of Kent was last in America, he took a stroll into the country, and entering a neat little cottage, saw a pretty girl with a book in her hand. “What books do you read, my dear?” asked his royal highness. The girl, with the most artless innocence, replied: “Sir, the Bible and Peter Pindar!”



BIANCA'S CHAMPION.

away in a graceful curve, right and left, again units directly in front of the spacious portico.

This is, or, rather, was, the home of the rich Coleman Bradley, whose history and tragic fate would, of itself, make a romance of unusual and remarkable interest.

It is said that crime, like various diseases becomes epidemical, in certain localities and at certain times, and, like disease, runs its course, dies out and remains quiescent, until certain circumstances—or something else—brings it once more to life.

Upon the right hand, or eastern side of the creek, at a certain locality, there lay a broad, flat rock, perhaps fifteen feet square, and from this rock to the base of a densely-wooded hill, the side of which was broken and covered with huge boulders and cliffs, the soil was covered with a flinty deposit upon which the foot of a horse would leave not the slightest mark.

Here was forged the first link in the chain of evidence that was to bind and bring the thief to justice.

Within the timber on the hill-side the detective concealed himself at nights to watch.

For more than a week his labor was in vain. Nothing suspicious occurred, but he nevertheless persevered, and was at length rewarded. One intensely dark night, the officer, from his perch, amid the branches of a tree, heard the sound of plashing water, and presently the sharp ring, or click of shed hoofs upon the hard surface of the great flat rock. Horses were being led from out the bed of